

be reached in about 4 hours more. We had supper at 9-40, and the saloon was very full. I did not see any advantage, but rather the reverse, in sitting up to see the mails landed and taken in, and the passengers disembarked, so at 10-30 I turned in. The noise of the steam blow-pipe roused me somewhere about midnight, the engines were then quiet, so that I knew we had reached Lough Foyle. Beyond this demoniacal noise I heard no other, and I dropped off to sleep again. I awoke early and fancied I could see land, but the light was bad and I could not be sure. On rising at 7-15, I discerned the land easily, but I did not know what it was. Some part of Ireland probably. When I reached the deck, Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Ireland were each plainly to be seen. As I am writing, we are approaching the Isle of Man. We should reach Liverpool bar by 2-0 certainly, and should the tender come to meet us, there will be every chance of catching the 6-0 train home.

And now my story it ended. I will add a line or two more when inside my own house this evening. It is a very pleasant morning, fine and bright, which will greatly facilitate the great nuisance of landing, getting the luggage passed, and reaching the Exchange Station.

12-30. The log just posted gives our run in the 24 hours as 303, and 60 miles from Liverpool.

TUESDAY MORNING, 8, WINCKLEY SQUARE. My diary will be incomplete unless I continue from my last halting place. We dined at 2-0 yesterday, on board. There was a great babel of voices, of course, as we were getting near our destination, and confusion reigned supreme. People dashed about, here, there, and everywhere after their luggage and belongings, and everybody was wrapped up in preparations for landing.